

MT. STERLING ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

VOL. IV.

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1894.

NO 45

buggies

w. p.

oldham & co.

are exclusive agents
for the

columbus

buggy

co.

and can furnish anything
wanted in this high
grade work.

we also have a few

surries

of other good makes
that we will sell very
cheap.

the

birdsell steel
skein wagon

is the best on the market
and you will do well to
see it before buying a
wagon.

we have a large line of
the very best

farming
implements

including the well
known MALTA double
shovel and MALTA five
tooth cultivator.

call on us for anything
in

hardware

and

queensware.

our prices are right and
the goods are the best.

buggies

Home
Steam
Laundry.

No better work
anywhere. Prices
the same and
money circulated
at home.

40-m

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM
VERMIFUCE
FOR 22 YEARS
Has led all WORM Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
INCHARD & BROWN, PROPRIETORS,
ST. LOUIS.

The candidates for the county
offices are all making things hum.
A number of them attended
an entertainment at Tuesday
evening at Jeffersonville, where A.
A. Hazelrigg and John Roberts
made speeches in their own interest
and Lawrence White in the interest
of his father.

Wednesday night at "Nest Egg,"
in the Levee precinct, a number
were present and several speeches
made. Among the speakers were
Woodford, Groves and Reid. Jones
says he made no speech.

A CARD.
*To the Democrats of Montgomery
County:*

A candidate must be in desper-
ate straits when his friends resort
to misrepresentations to aid his
cause. I did not make such a
statement, publicly or privately, as
is attributed to me in the card of
I. N. Green and others, published
in the last issue of the Times. The
appended statement by respectable
gentlemen who were present on the
 occasion referred to, some of whom
are supporters of Mr. Hunt, should
be satisfactory corroboration of my
denial.

Having noticed an article in the
Montgomery County Times of date
June 3, 1894, signed by I. N. Green,
Henry Watson, J. E. Hall and C.
B. Stephens, in which article it is
stated that Henry Jones said at a
meeting in the Levee precinct, "Let
Richardson and Sledd, the head of
the ticket, make the speeches, I am
no speaker," we, the undersigned,
were present at said meeting during
all the time Mr. Jones was
there, know and now state that he
(Jones) made no such public state-
ment or anything that could be
construed into any such language

I. N. M. Boon, T. W. Barrow,
H. M. Witt, Seth Combs,
R. L. Smith, Clifton Daniel,
J. W. Wiles, Hugh Pasley,
W. M. Bowen, James Wist.

They also attempt to injure Mr.
Sledd by publishing in the same
paper a certificate of the County
Clerk, that I voted for Andy Cline
for Jailer in 1882. The people of
the county know that I have been
a consistent Democrat all my life,
and I do not think they can be
influenced against me because out of
affection and respect for my sister
I voted for my brother-in-law.

45-21 HENRY JONES.

Mrs. Ann E. Wood died at her
residence in this city on Sunday morn-
ing June 3, aged 63 years. She had
been a year Mrs. Wood has been in
very poor health, and the end was not
unlooked for. More than 30 years ago
she moved to this country from Flem-
ington, where she was raised and had
married Mr. John Wood, and has
since made this place her home. Her
husband died in 1871 and left her with
six little children to fight alone her
way through life. A good and true
mother who was ready to do her
utmost for those God had left in her
hands and who counted nothing a
sacrifice that would add to the pleasure
or well-being of her little ones. Bravely
she fought the battle and lived to see her boys grow up success-
ful business men who could repay her
in some degree for the many sacrifices
she had made for them. We talk
of the heroines of old, but the heroism
of a Boatrider or a Joan of Arc pales
into insignificance before that of the
mother who with six little ones left
her hands, in the face of adverse
fate, alone and single handed, makes
the way for herself and them, through
this pushing, hustling, work-a-day
world of ours.

Mrs. Wood was a sister of Mrs. A.
T. Wood and Mr. Henry Pickrell, of
this city, Mrs. F. F. Fitch a daughter
lives in Cedartown, Georgia, two
daughters Misses Kate and Edna,
of this city, and three sons William,
L. T. and John F. live in U.S.
Funeral this afternoon at the residence
on Harrison Avenue. Burial in Mach-
pel Cemetery.

W. O. Mize, W. T. Caskey, John
W. Cravens, B. F. Quicksell,
A. D. Lacy, and H. C. Lacy,
of Hazel Green, were in town
Thursday evening and Friday morning
on their way to Winchester, to
attend the Blue Grass Declamatory
Contest. Mr. H. C. Lacy was a
contester for the honor and whilst he
did not win, acquitted himself to the
entire satisfaction of his friends. He
will yet get there.

Elder H. B. Robison, of the popular
pastor of the Somerset Christian
Church, of this city, will exchange
pulpits with Elder Graham Frank,
of Lancaster, next Lord's Day.
Brother Robison will on June 14
leave for a month's vacation, which he
expects to spend with friends at Atlanta,
Georgia.

Snow fell for an hour at Point
Pleasant, West Virginia, last Thursday,
May 31st.

THE PRIMARY.

A SPLENDID HORSE
TO BE GIVEN AWAY.



An Unprecedented Offer to
the Subscribers of THE
ADVOCATE.

OUR PLAN.

We have made arrangements to
offer to the reader of THE ADVOCATE,
who shall guess the nominee of the
Democratic Primary, June 14, in each
race, a splendid buggy horse.

This splendid animal is out of an
Indian Culef mare, and is a beautiful
bay, five-years-old, 15½ hand high,
with fine style and action. A fine
roaster and will show himself on
the streets of Mt. Sterling Court Day,
at 11 a.m. and at 3 p.m. This is a
prize well worth getting.

Terms of The Guessing.

Send 25 cents for three months' sub-
scription to the ADVOCATE and fill
out the coupon, which will be
registered and a faithful account kept.

You get the paper for three months
and you may be the person to whom
a present will be made of the horse.

This is no gambling scheme. You
pay for what you get, and we, in order
to induce you to help us extend our
subscription list, have secured a splen-
did roaster to give away to some one.

Cut the coupon out and
write in the blank spaces left for
the purpose of naming your favorite
for each position. Enclose this
with 25 cents for three months' sub-
scription to the ADVOCATE, signing
your own name in the blank left for
the voter.

The names of the voters will be reg-
istered as received, and the person
guessing the nominees first will be
entitled to the horse. Bulletins will
be put out giving names of candidates
with highest number of guesses, and
the names of the candidates receiving

highest number of guesses will be
published in each issue of the Advo-
cate between now and June 14.

WHO . . .

DOES YOUR INSURING?

FIRE, LIFE,
TORNADO,
ACCIDENT.

WHY . . .

CAN'T WE DO IT?

STRONG COMPANIES,
EXPERIENCED
UNDERWRITERS.

J. G. & R. H. WINN,

MONEY TO LOAN ON
REAL ESTATE.

14 COURT PLACE
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

COUPON.

For County Judge.

For County Clerk.

For Sheriff.

For County Attorney.

For Assessor.

For Jailer.

For Coroner.

For Constable Mt. Sterling
Precinct.

VOTER.

A BIG JUNE FROST

Does Great Damage in Southeastern Kentucky.

Middleborough, Ky., June 1.
There was another frost last night.
Immense damage has been done to
gardens and young corn. Wheat is
also injured. The oldest inhabitant
can remember nothing like the present
season.

Hood's and Only Hood's.

Hood's Saraparilla is carefully prepared
from Saraparilla, Dandelion,
Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries and other well known
remedies, by a peculiar combination,
portion and process, giving to Hood's Saraparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other
preparations fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

Vivian Gray at Somerset.

Somerset, Ky., May 31.—Vivian Gray, the London, England, newspaper
correspondent who is tramping from
London to Monterrey, Mex., for a \$10,
000 wager, is the guest of R. B. Koker
of the Cumberland House, to-day. Gray
was given a warm reception by the
newspaper and city officials, and
lectured at the opera-house to-night
on the subject of his travels.

D. L. Smith charged with malicious
shooting and wounding of R. J. Hunt
had his examining trial yesterday and
was discharged.

No Electioneering Necessary.

Joe M. Conroy's SADDLES,
HARNESS, etc., talk for themselves.

The guess at the time of going to
press stands as follows.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

H. M. Woodford.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

O'Connell.

FOR SHERIFF.

Wm. Sheld.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

A. A. Hazelrigg.

FOR ASSESSOR.

Roberts.

FOR JAILER.

Smith.

FOR CORONER.

George C. Eastin.

FOR CONSTABLE MT. STERLING
PRECINCT.

Matt C. Clav.

The State Association of Kentucky
Baptists.

CARLISLE, Ky., June 3, 1894.

The Kentucky Association of
Baptists met with the Carlisle Baptist
church Saturday morning, June 2, with about two hundred
messengers and visitors in attendance.

They are being elegantly entertained by the hospitable people of Carlisle and vicinity, irrespective of denomination. Dr. W. H. Felix, of Lexington, was made Moderator, and Dr. A. D. Seeley, of Woodford, Secretary, and Rev. J. K. Nunnelly, of Georgetown, Assistant Secretary. The oldest messenger to the Association was Mr. Robertson of Louisville, aged 76, and Mr. Sherrill of some place, who after addressing the Association were invited to seats on the platform. A stormy session on the questions of missions had been expected, but so far the workings of the Association has been characterized with oneness of thought and expression. The Association will meet next year with the First Baptist church at Paducah. The annual sermon was preached by the venerable Dr. W. W. Gardner, well known to Kentucky Baptists.

Sunday morning a mass Sunday-school meeting was held at the Baptist church of Carlisle, and in the afternoon the Ladies' Missionary Society was held at the same place. Large interest and much enthusiasm manifested at each meeting. Reports showed remarkable growth in number to the church, and contributions to various objects. Rev. J. O. Rust, of Bardstown, one of the most gifted young preachers of the State, preached Sunday morning at the Open House; Dr. W. A. Pickard, of Broadway Baptist church, Louisville, preached at the M. E. church. Dr. Pickard is a grand man and preached a grand sermon.

You have to hear him to fully appreciate his ability, and all other pulpiteers were supplied by able preachers of the denomination. The Baptist church, of Mt. Sterling, was well represented by Rev. Everett Gill, W. R. Nunnelly and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hedder and wife, Mrs. Tol. Young, Mrs. Fred Bassett and Misses Sallie Greene, Nanie Reed and Margaret Thompson.

Emerson Institute (Miss Lewis's school) closed a successful year on Friday. The school will re-open on Monday September 3. Miss Lewis will spare nothing to make this school all that Mt. Sterling needs in a high grade institution for girls. Before making any arrangements for their daughters' tuition for the coming year, parents and guardians will do well to see Miss Lewis and know of her plans for work in her school.

The Hartman Institute (Miss Lewis's school) closed a successful year on Friday. The school will re-open on Monday September 3. Miss Lewis will spare nothing to make this school all that Mt. Sterling needs in a high grade institution for girls. Before making any arrangements for their daughters' tuition for the coming year, parents and guardians will do well to see Miss Lewis and know of her plans for work in her school.

Elder H. D. Clark, pastor of the Christian church, went up to Morehead yesterday, where he will speak to day at the formal opening of the dormitory of the Morehead school.

And receive a handsome present with every purchase of

every

WHITCOMM RILEY'S FAVORITE POEM.

It's nothing but his violin,
But I never heard but once.
The strings were all broken, the bows were blue
And summer days were long.
When we rested by the roadside,
How they had dared to woe and win
With such early mornings, so many hours
We'd sat and eaten on strawberries
Or slept among the hay,
Eating the green grass at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet old song.

The world was a good world with us
Our home was a happy one,
Our horses were wandering down the lanes,
It long ago was done.

For horses and for kind,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and
And love and beauty find,
What's left of the joy of hearts
When he had but your violins
And I my song my dear.

—Vocal.

THE GRAIN OF SHOT.

In my time (I mean the good time of our dear Alsace) M. Franck of Saverne was famous in the two departments as an accomplished hunter. This notary, who was about 50 years of age, was indeed the astonishment of the youngest and most dapper foresters. An indefatigable walker, a nearly infallible shot, he possessed astonishing quickness of wit, unfailing judgment, great coolness and prudence, all of which are priceless qualities for the hunt. I will not do him the injury to add that he did not mind, like some men of the world, the pleasure of his game to the innkeeper of the Soleil d'Or. He was not only the most loyal and the most disinterested, but also the most courteous of companions. Be it at home, be it with others, he gave the honors of the deer or of the hare to the neighbor who was not in a hurry and wanted to shoot at the animal, reserving it for himself to kill the game after it had been missed by others.

But among all these solid qualities the most extraordinary in my eyes was that forever watchful prudence which seemed to have constituted him the guardian of the lives around him. I can see him yet with me, in the street, in the park, in the cressier, on the day of the battue on which he made me kill a wild boar.

This great fellow, all uniform from head to foot, dressed in plain gray clothes, with his thick Russian leather boots, his brown felt hat and the long cravat, fastened by a pin of chased silver, ran along the paths of the park, with his shotgun and his dog, which would leap 30 men under his guard. No accident was possible with him. When we encompassed the game, he placed us at well-calculated distances, each one behind a tree, and as long as I live I shall remember the very point but emphasize little the inaccuracy of his aim, which meant "Remain where you are, and upon your life do not budge from the spot, whatever may happen, as long as the sound of my hunting horn does not call you away." When the hunt was over, he gave orders to nobody, but with his musical deep voice, said: "I think, gentlemen, that we can unload and start." He then commanded each one withdraw his cartridges. This maneuver was so natural to him that, on meeting the least obstacle, he executed it while walking and as by instinct.

One day at the opening of the hunt in the park of Blieskastel I saw him jump 20 paces in less than a minute, with never forgetting to put his cartridges in his box—a thing which did not prevent him from killing six partridges and two hares in the hops, the clover and tobacco which grew between the ditches. I admired very much this presence of mind in the midst of the most exciting exercise and of the greatest care for the lives of others. All my efforts to imitate such a perfect model, but it is not sufficient to have the will to do well; therefore did I forget myself often. One day when we were seated on the grass in tête-à-tête before a rustic breakfast which the open air and wholesome fruits seasoned royally.

"M. Franck," said I to him, "I know that I shall never equal your skill, but I should like to become as prudent as you are. It is not an easy thing, since at my age and with a certain experience of the chase I am still somewhat careless of both my neighbor and myself. How many years will it take you to acquire this virtue which I much envy you?"

He started, and his eyelids dropped, but overcoming his emotion immediately he answered: "Dear friend, my education in the respect of which you speak was made in one mouth, but never was a man put in so rough a school. May heaven preserve you from trying to buy prudence at the expense of price."

While speaking he fastened between the folds of his necktie the silver pin which always wore when on the chase. I feared that he had been indiscreet, and I was going to excuse myself, when he continued in a firm tone:

"Truly, that conseruance must not die with me. Perhaps the lesson which I received, and which I cannot transmit to my children, since I have none, will serve the children of other men. Everybody in Saverne is ignorant of the fact that the famous huntsman by his monomaniac for ride

lous precautions, escaped only by a hair's breadth from becoming a paricide when he was 15 years of age. Yes, my first shot nearly cost my father's life. I had just finished my third class at the college of Strasbourg, and the good Papa Franck may the Lord rest his soul—had planned to make a pilgrimage if I took the first prize in history. I got the prize and consequently the gun. Judge of my joy."

"I will take you with me to Hagen," said my father to me one day, "where I am carrying a document to have it signed. On our return we will go and shoot a rabbit." The warlike words of the old soldier, M. de Sainte Gare gave me the key. Take the two turnips in the kennel."

"I had no need to be told twice. Ah, the joyful departure! How long the route seemed to me! With what a good heart I heard imprecations upon the head of that peasant from Hagen who was a transcript of that doggerel—leaving putting his signature to it! It always seemed to me that night was going to overtake us and the hunt would be delayed until the next day. The spits, which howled in the bottom of the doocart, were less impatient than I was. However, matters were arranged at last, and toward 5 o'clock we were on the road.

"Dear father, swear to me that I did not a bad son."

"Albert," answered he, "you are a good boy, and I love you with all my heart. That is all that I have to say to you."

"The little ones came running after me and began to clamber upon his bed, as they often did in the morning in their long nightdresses.

"Take care!" cried he. "I have a little rheumatism today."

"I alone could not believe in this sudden attack of a disease which he had never suffered. I have tried to imagine whether that night appeared to me to be long. It was impossible to close my eyes without seeing my poor father's leg pierced all over with shot and so swollen that the doctor had to cut the trousers to bare it. But I was not at the end of my troubles. The following 10 days

"My father put me on the edge of a young growth of trees, with all the usual directions to young sportsmen to avoid the two paths, to take aim at the rabbit with a spear, to

not to fire if the dogs were too close upon its heels, particularly not to leave my place, whatever happened, as long as he did not call me. Upon that he went away quietly, counting on my obedience, to place himself at the opposite corner, out of the reach of my gun. I stood there a few moments, while the dogs began to yelp, and nearly at the same moment a rabbit, which seemed to me enormous, came out on my left, not 10 steps from me, and with one jump cleared the path. It had passed, the dogs had followed, and I had not had the sense to aim at it. I was conscious of my mistake, and I turned back to the parlor, where I perceived nothing—so natural is lying to a hunter even a new one. But the voice of the dogs startled me anew, and this poignant music, which makes the heart of the oldest sportsman beat, threw me into a kind of intoxication. The rabbit came back upon his tracks, far from me, and followed the dogs, who were now in full cry. I ran after it. I heard me and turned again toward its first starting place, and I after it through the brambles, furze and heather, without losing sight of it, seeing it, only. It stops. I shoulder my gun, take aim, fire and turn it over. Before it was gray, now it is white, with its belly turned up. At the same instant I perceived my father leaning against a tree about six steps from the little animal. I had killed the accused rabbit at my father's feet."

"To tell the truth, my joy made me at first forget my fault. I pounced upon the victim like a young savage, and lifting it by the ears above my head, I cried, 'Papa, this is my first shot!' "

"It is not all to sin well," answered he, with a sad smile. "One must also obey. If you had remained in your place, you would not have risked shooting me."

"You have not been wounded, I hope?"

"No, no. But next time be more prudent."

"The face appeared to me to be more pale than usual. I stooped down, and I saw some slight tears in his trousers."

"Lord forgive me, papa! Have I shot you? Here are some little holes."

"There were some there before the thorns have made some for you too."

"It was the truth—for me, at least—my anxiety was dispelled in a moment."

"Our dogs, Waldmann and Wal-

ding, after having snuffed the body of my rabbit, had started upon another trail, and I was waiting impatiently for my father to load the guns again."

"Let us go home," said he. "We have had enough for the first day. Once more, when we will come again to it, if I please the angel."

"He called the dogs, went back to our dog cart without limping visibly and drove me home. I remarked that he had to make an effort to get down from the cart and that he somewhat dragged his leg."

"Are you suffering?" said I.

"He had to sit braquée to carry the guns into the house, and I saw him go up to his room with a heavy step. My brother and my two little sisters came running from the other end of the garden. They complimented me on the result of the hunt. But I was too much worried to fully enjoy my triumph, and while playing with them in the garden I kept my eyes wide open. I saw our old servant Gredel go out, and after a few minutes Dr. Mangin, our family physician, entered full of business and, went up stairs without noticing that we were there. He remained until supper time, and I suppose he went away while we were seated at the table. Our mother came to sit down with us, calm and sweet

always, but her face was worn, who for a year had been earning their living."

"Papa is not hungry," said she. "He is something else, and suffers with rheumatism, but it is nothing. In three or four days he will be over. You may kiss and kiss him in a little while."

"My heart was very heavy. I ate little, and I looked sideways at my poor mother, fearing to read my condemnation in her eyes. No blame appeared upon her face, but she had no appetite either, and she seemed to wait with impatience until Little Anton—this is my brother, the present—had finished his dinner and had eaten. And when the sharpener folded she went upstairs to see if everything was in order in the room. Then from the landing at the top of the stairs she called to us, 'Come up and bid your papa good night.'

"I arrived first of all, thanks to my long legs. My father had stretched his back with three pillows under his head, but he did not sleep well, and he used to wake me up every hour. I kissed him, looking back with tears of sympathy, and I whispered in his ear:

"Dear father, swear to me that I am not a bad son."

"Albert," answered he, "you are a good boy, and I love you with all my heart. That is all that I have to say to you."

"The little ones came running after me and began to climb upon his bed, as they often did in the morning in their long nightdresses.

"Take care!" cried he. "I have a little rheumatism today."

"I alone could not believe in this sudden attack of a disease which he had never suffered. I tried to close my eyes without seeing my poor father's leg pierced all over with shot and so swollen that the doctor had to cut the trousers to bare it. But I was not at the end of my troubles. The following 10 days

"My father put me on the edge of a young growth of trees, with all the usual directions to young sportsmen to avoid the two paths, to take aim at the rabbit with a spear, to

not to fire if the dogs were too close upon its heels, particularly not to leave my place, whatever happened, as long as he did not call me. Upon that he went away quietly, counting on my obedience, to place himself at the opposite corner, out of the reach of my gun. I stood there a few moments, while the dogs began to yelp, and nearly at the same moment a rabbit, which seemed to me enormous, came out on my left, not 10 steps from me, and with one jump cleared the path. It had passed, the dogs had followed, and I had not had the sense to aim at it. I was conscious of my mistake, and I turned back to the parlor, where I perceived nothing—so natural is lying to a hunter even a new one. But the voice of the dogs startled me anew, and this poignant music, which makes the heart of the oldest sportsman beat, threw me into a kind of intoxication. The rabbit came back upon his tracks, far from me, and followed the dogs, who were now in full cry. I ran after it. I heard me and turned again toward its first starting place, and I after it through the brambles, furze and heather, without losing sight of it, seeing it, only. It stops. I shoulder my gun, take aim, fire and turn it over. Before it was gray, now it is white, with its belly turned up. At the same instant I perceived my father leaning against a tree about six steps from the little animal. I had killed the accused rabbit at my father's feet."

"To tell the truth, my joy made me at first forget my fault. I pounced upon the victim like a young savage, and lifting it by the ears above my head, I cried, 'Papa, this is my first shot!' "

"It is not all to sin well," answered he, with a sad smile. "One must also obey. If you had remained in your place, you would not have risked shooting me."

"You have not been wounded, I hope?"

"No, no. But next time be more prudent."

"The face appeared to me to be more pale than usual. I stooped down, and I saw some slight tears in his trousers."

"Lord forgive me, papa! Have I shot you? Here are some little holes."

"There were some there before the thorns have made some for you too."

"It was the truth—for me, at least—my anxiety was dispelled in a moment."

"Our dogs, Waldmann and Wal-

ding, after having snuffed the body of my rabbit, had started upon another trail, and I was waiting impatiently for my father to load the guns again."

"Let us go home," said he. "We have had enough for the first day. Once more, when we will come again to it, if I please the angel."

"He called the dogs, went back to our dog cart without limping visibly and drove me home. I remarked that he had to make an effort to get down from the cart and that he somewhat dragged his leg."

"Are you suffering?" said I.

"He had to sit braquée to carry the guns into the house, and I saw him go up to his room with a heavy step. My brother and my two little sisters came running from the other end of the garden. They complimented me on the result of the hunt. But I was too much worried to fully enjoy my triumph, and while playing with them in the garden I kept my eyes wide open. I saw our old servant Gredel go out, and after a few minutes Dr. Mangin, our family physician, entered full of business and, went up stairs without noticing that we were there. He remained until supper time, and I suppose he went away while we were seated at the table. Our mother came to sit down with us, calm and sweet

C. & O.

Chesapeake and Ohio
RAILWAY.

New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston,
And all Eastern Cities.

SHOES.

HOME MADE TO ORDER.

BEST STOCK AND ANY STYLE DESIRED.

Best Calf, pegged to fit the foot, \$4.00

Best Calf, hand sewed, \$7.00

Best Cordovan, hand sewed, \$7.00

Best Calf Boot, pegged, \$7.00

Best Calf boot, hand sewed, \$7.00

These Goods are first-class in every respect, and a fit is guaranteed.

Leather PRESERVER of my own make, properly used on shoes will wear much longer: 10¢ a 25 cent box.

GEORE REISINGER,

South Mayville Street,

Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

J. W. NICKERSON,
CONTRACTOR

—AND—

BUILDER.

OFFICE AT

201 Richmond Street.

Calls on him and secures estimate.

Louisville & Nashville
R.R.

(KENTUCKY CENTRAL DIV.)

Schedule in effect Jan. 28, 1894.

South Bound, No. 1 Daily Express

No. 5 Fast Line Daily

No. 6 Night Express Daily

No. 7 Sunday Express Daily

No. 8 Monday Express Daily

No. 9 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 10 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 11 Thursday Express Daily

No. 12 Friday Express Daily

No. 13 Saturday Express Daily

No. 14 Sunday Express Daily

No. 15 Monday Express Daily

No. 16 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 17 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 18 Thursday Express Daily

No. 19 Friday Express Daily

No. 20 Saturday Express Daily

No. 21 Sunday Express Daily

No. 22 Monday Express Daily

No. 23 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 24 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 25 Thursday Express Daily

No. 26 Friday Express Daily

No. 27 Saturday Express Daily

No. 28 Sunday Express Daily

No. 29 Monday Express Daily

No. 30 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 31 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 32 Thursday Express Daily

No. 33 Friday Express Daily

No. 34 Saturday Express Daily

No. 35 Sunday Express Daily

No. 36 Monday Express Daily

No. 37 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 38 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 39 Thursday Express Daily

No. 40 Friday Express Daily

No. 41 Saturday Express Daily

No. 42 Sunday Express Daily

No. 43 Monday Express Daily

No. 44 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 45 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 46 Thursday Express Daily

No. 47 Friday Express Daily

No. 48 Saturday Express Daily

No. 49 Sunday Express Daily

No. 50 Monday Express Daily

No. 51 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 52 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 53 Thursday Express Daily

No. 54 Friday Express Daily

No. 55 Saturday Express Daily

No. 56 Sunday Express Daily

No. 57 Monday Express Daily

No. 58 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 59 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 60 Thursday Express Daily

No. 61 Friday Express Daily

No. 62 Saturday Express Daily

No. 63 Sunday Express Daily

No. 64 Monday Express Daily

No. 65 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 66 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 67 Thursday Express Daily

No. 68 Friday Express Daily

No. 69 Saturday Express Daily

No. 70 Sunday Express Daily

No. 71 Monday Express Daily

No. 72 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 73 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 74 Thursday Express Daily

No. 75 Friday Express Daily

No. 76 Saturday Express Daily

No. 77 Sunday Express Daily

No. 78 Monday Express Daily

No. 79 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 80 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 81 Thursday Express Daily

No. 82 Friday Express Daily

No. 83 Saturday Express Daily

No. 84 Sunday Express Daily

No. 85 Monday Express Daily

No. 86 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 87 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 88 Thursday Express Daily

No. 89 Friday Express Daily

No. 90 Saturday Express Daily

No. 91 Sunday Express Daily

No. 92 Monday Express Daily

No. 93 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 94 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 95 Thursday Express Daily

No. 96 Friday Express Daily

No. 97 Saturday Express Daily

No. 98 Sunday Express Daily

No. 99 Monday Express Daily

No. 100 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 101 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 102 Thursday Express Daily

No. 103 Friday Express Daily

No. 104 Saturday Express Daily

No. 105 Sunday Express Daily

No. 106 Monday Express Daily

No. 107 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 108 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 109 Thursday Express Daily

No. 110 Friday Express Daily

No. 111 Saturday Express Daily

No. 112 Sunday Express Daily

No. 113 Monday Express Daily

No. 114 Tuesday Express Daily

No. 115 Wednesday Express Daily

No. 116 Thursday Express Daily

No. 117 Friday Express Daily

No. 118 Saturday Express Daily

No. 119 Sunday Express Daily

No. 120 Monday Express Daily

No. 121 Tuesday Express Daily

